THE 431^ST^ SINGS



BESIDE NEW-GUINEA WATER-FALL

Beside New Guinea Waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his Shattered Sabre
A young pursuitor lay
His parachute hung
From a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
The young pursuitor said

"I'm going to a better land
Where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from
Telegraph poles,
And there's poker every night.
There not a single thing to do
But sit around and sing
And all our crews are WOMEN
Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

Oh, Death, where is thy sting, Ting-aling,
Oh, Death, where is thy sting, Ting-aling,
The Bells of Hell shall ring, Ting-aling,
For YOU but not for me.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your After-burner
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your After-burner
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your After-burner
BETTER DAYS ARE COMING BYE AND BYE

INDEX

I SAID AH

As I was leaving my old home,
     I asked my CO
          Where will I go?
Will it be England, Will it be France
     These are the things he told

He said ah, said ah,
     Whatever will be, will be,
Your futures not bright you see,
     He said ah, said ah.

The four-thirsty-first is where you'll go,
     I asked the Sargeant,
          I fear that you'll find,
It's not in England, It's not in France,
     It's in the world's behind.

He said ah, said ah,
     Whatever must be, must be,
You're better off dead you'll see,
     He said ah, said ah.

At these kind words I left his room
     I asked his blessing,
          In parting I said
I will be happy, I'll always smile,
     I should've stood in bed.

I said ah, said ah,
    Whatever will be, will be.
Oh what have they done to me?
    I said ah, Said ah.

As I was leaving sorrowfully
    I asked my sweet wife,
        Will you join me?
You can drop dead, get shot in the head
    I'll not come to Tripoli.

She said ah, said ah,
    I love you so tenderly
But never in Tripoli,
    She said ah, said ah.

When I got off the plane next day
    I asked the greeter,
        What have we here?
We don't have women, we don't have wine
Just barracans and Beer.

I said ah, said ah.
    Two years here before I'm freed
My future is dark indeed,
    I said ah, said ah.

THE LIBYAN LAMENT

1. Touched down at Wheelus on the pilot's first try, it was so darn hot I thought I'd die.
2. Picked up my bags and went down to my room, where the fleas and the flies were plotting my doom.
3. Left for the club to pass the time of day. The sand was so thick that I lost my way.
4. I got to the club and asked for a waiter, he hurried to the table an hour later.
5. Looked at the menu and ordered a steak; was served lasagna that would gag a snake.
6. Woke up next morning it was still very hot; I was also enjoying the Tripoli Trots.
7. Learned that in renting in the garden spot, if your water works your gas will not.
8. Base limits rentals but I very soon found you can have your choice for an extra pound.
9. The family arrived from the trip across with the house apes sick and the luggage lost.
10. The price for furniture makes me sore; locals pay two, I pay five pounds more.
11. Some help in town is in pretty bad shape. You could get better work from a half grown ape.
12. You find them doing things against your wish; they shrug their shoulders and say "Malish".
13. In the drive to town on the Tripoli Pike, if you miss all the carts, you'll hit a bike.
14. For a house on the base I'm out of luck; they changed the rules and I got stuck.
15. I'm bound for the states but I'll shed no tears cause I'm coming back in a hundred years.

AIR FORCE LAMENT

VERSE I:
Mine eyes have seen the days of men
    who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death,
    who lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded,
    and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell!

CHORUS:
Glory flying regulations,
    have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them,
The Air Force's has gone to hell!

VERSE 2:
My bones have felt their pounding throb,
    A hundred thousand storm
A mighty airborne legion sent
    to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory,
    it only lives in song
The Air Force has gone to hell!

VERSE 3:
I have seen them in their T-bolts,
    when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power divers
    that blasted Goering's name
But new they fly like sissies
    and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell!

AIR FORCE LAMENT (Cont.)

VERSE 4:
Once they flew B-26 thru a living
 hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots,
 gave their lives to bring them back
But new they all play ping pong
 in the operations shack
And we can't fly for hell!

VERSE 5:
You have heard you pounding 50s blaze
 from wing of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin
 was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you
 with it's moanin and groanin squeal
And it won't climb for hell!

VERSE 6:
Hap Arnold built a fighting team
 that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days
 when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised
 for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force has gone to hell!

VERSE 7:
We were cockey bold and happy
 when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing
 and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verboten and
 we're all so goddam tame
Our spirit's shot to hell!

AIR FORCE LAMENT (Cont.)

VERSE 8:
One day I buzzed an airfield
with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with
his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and
se'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell!

VERSE 9:
Have you ever climbed a Lightening
up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward
just to jeer the screaming din
Have you tried to do it lately,
better not you'll auger in
And then you'll sure catch hell!

VERSE 10:
Mine eyes get dim with tears,
when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of
being old or young and bold
Alas I have no choice and will
live to be quite old
The Air Force's gone to hell!

DON'T GIVE ME THE P-38

Don't give me the P-38
    With props that counter rotate
You'll loop, roll, and spin
    And you'll soon auger in
Don't give me the P-38.

Just give me operations
    Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
    I just want to go home

(2) Don't give me the P-39
    With engine mounted behind

(3) Just give me the 86D
    With radio and TV

(4) Or give me the F-86
    The Airplane that does all
        the tricks.

CRUISIN DOWN THE YALU

Cruising down the Yalu
About two-twenty per
I gave a call to the Colonel
Oh won't you save me Sir
Got six big flak-holes in my wings
My tanks ain't got no gas
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY
There's six migs on my (tail)

CHORUS:
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's (tail)
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I made my traffic pattern
To me it looked all right
I made my traffic pattern
My God I racked it tight
The air-speed said one-twenty
The engine gave a wheeze
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY,
Some Spin instruction please.

(CHORUS)

CRUISIN DOWN THE YALU (Cont.)

Fouled up my cross-wind landing
The wing-tip hit the ground
Got a call from mobile
"Pull up and go around--"

I jerked that Sabre in the air
One-hundred feet or more
The engine quit, I almost flipped
Oh won't you save me Sir.
(CHORUS)

A FIGHTER PILOT LAY DYING

A Fighter-pilot lay dying
The blood from his wounds flowed red
The maidens around him were crying
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the burners out of my backbone,
Take the turbine out of my brain,
Take the buckets out of my buttocks,
And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys that fly nigh in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin
Way up at wing they talk and they shout
Settling things they know nothin about
While we are the boys that fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin
Bosom buddies while boozin

KUNU-RI AND ANTUNG AND WILD, WILD, PYONGYANG
(Tune of Cigarets & Whiskey & Wild, Wild, Women)

Oh, once I was happy and had a good deal
Flew Fox 84's out of old Neuby field.
They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you".
The next thing I knew I was in old Taegu.

CHORUS:
Kunu-ri and Antung and wild, wild, Pyongyang
They'll drive you apeshit, they'll drive you insane.
Quad fifties and forties and 100 sorties.
They'll drive you apeshit, they'll clobber your ass.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track,
They said, "There's no sweat cause there ain't any flak."
But the guns from that place would make day out of night.
Oh God, how I wish all I did was dog fight. (CHORUS)

Oh, it's up to the Yalu in X-Ray Easy
The Sui-Ho Reservoir is plainly seen.
But MIG's out of Antung send sweat down my back.
So I head toward Kangye and get shot down by flak. (CHORUS)

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed-what a sound!
A kick in the ass soon I'm floating towards ground.
I showed them my blood chit, they said, "No sweat Mac".
They handed me an A-Frame, now I'm walking back.

THE OLD BLACK BULL

The old black bull came down from the mountain
Willie, Tom Willie
The old black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago.

<u>Chorus:</u> Long time ago, long time ago,
The old black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago.

He saw a heifer in the pasture yonder
Willie, Tom Willie
He saw a heifer in the pasture yonder
Long time ago.
(CHORUS)

He jumped the fence and jumped the heifer
Willie, Tom Willie
He jumped the fence and jumped that heifer
Long time ago.
(CHORUS)

He missed the heifer and ffpt in the Pasture
Willie, Tom Willie
He missed the heifer and ffpt in the Pasture
Long time ago.
(CHORUS)

Slowly with funeral feeling
The old black bull went back up the Mountain
Long time ago.
(CHORUS)

NATIONAL EMBALMING "U"

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming U.
We'll do our best to give your rest,
National Embalming U.

And when you've died we'll dig a hole
And put you where you'll turn to mold
We live for you, we die for you
National Embalming U

Post mortem, post mortem post mortem
Atopsy we must have
Post mortem, post mortem post mortem
Atopsy we must have,
Cut, slash, gash, the corpse,
for we must have a reason
Oh, how the body stinks, it must
be out of season
We live for you, we die for you
National Embalming U.

THE ADMIRAL

Oh, the admiral rides in a cutter,
The captain he rides in a gig,
It don't go a doggone bit faster,
But it makes the old fellow feel big.

Sing tura-la-tura-la-tura
tura-la-tura-la-hay
It don't go a doggone bit faster
But it makes the old fellow feel big.

Now the sexual life of a camel
    Is stranger than anyone thinks
For in a moment of amorous passion
    He attempted the rape of the Sphinx
And the Sphinx's anterior orificio
    Is plugged with the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
    And the Sphinx's inscrutible smile

MIMI THE COLLEGE WIDOW

Mimi, the college widow
    The pride of the University
Mimi, the college widow
    She taught the boys anatomy
Mimi, the college widow
    She knew the course from 'A' to Z
She laid the corner stone of knowledge
    In fact, the whole darned college
She's Mimi, the college widow.

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in,
rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor Missionary
He saves little girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in. (CHORUS)

My uncle paints real French postcards,
My auntie poses for him
Her costume costs nary a penny,
My God, how the money rolls in. (CHORUS)

I tried making all kinds of whiskey,
I tried making all kinds of gin,
I tried making love for a living,
My God, the condition I'm in. (CHORUS)

POLIGRAFICO MAGGI - TRIPOLI